050.P8



KELLY HEELERS

THE OPENING OF THE DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN OF HARMONY. "Kim on wid ye, ye shlippery spalpeen!"

PUCK.

PUCK.

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ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
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THE SONG OF SALVATION (with music). The Song of Salvation (with music).

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

UTCHESS COUNTY, New York, is principally remarkable for the way in which it spells its own name; for Vassar College, and its Peace Society. The Peace Society is its enduring glory. It is made up of about half-a-dozen people who hold a picnic once every summer, and pass resolutions that War is altogether wrong and objectionable, under all circumstances, and ought to be put under all circumstances, and ought to be put down -by force of arms, if necessary. These resolutions are engrossed and transmitted to the President of the United States, de facto or de jure, whichever may have the doubtful advantage of a Washington residence, and War goes on as usual, all over the world: War bewar without a big W; but none the less brutal, bitter and shameful, between brother and sister, friend and friend, master and man.

It is quite easy to explain why the Dutchess County Peace Society has not wiped War out of existence with its annual picnics. It is precisely like the political convention of a similar cisely like the political convention of a similar class of reformers, of which the Tammany heeler contemptuously remarked: "That ain't goin' to hurt nobody—there's too many long-haired men 'n' short-haired women." It is a well-recognized fact that the male enthusiasts with hair down their backs, and their female equivalents who hanker after bloomer costume and cropped heads are generally about as use-less a lot as the ever-ruling powers often permit to wander about the earth. We never expect them to accomplish anything, and they never them to accomplish anything, and they never surprise us. But it is more difficult to understand why the nineteenth century has not yet waked up to the truth which even these eccentric idiots have been able to see—the uselessness and folly of half the war this world wages.

Here, for instance, is a pretty little quarrel which is just beginning, with a sweet prospect of keeping up an unpleasant liveliness till such mings to a first-class explosion.

time after the 4th of March next as it may please the returning-board of 1881 to hand in its decision. It was not enough, it seems, that we have two parties in this country still fighting each other over issues that have been dead these ten years. It was not enough that this eternal combat should disturb the country, unsettle business, weaken our public credit, simply for the pleasure of two sets of agitators who have only a platform apiece; and never a principle between them. No, we must have more political excitement; we must expend what little patriotic energy we have left, in "taking sides" in the private and personal quarrel of two leaders of one party. Mr. Tilden thinks he can lead the Democrats to victory. Mr. Kelly thinks he can lead them to that goal by a better route; and if he isn't permitted to, he will see to it that Mr. Tilden doesn't. This is the internal constitution of the party that announces itself as offering our only chance of salvation from the horrors of Grantism and the shame of a third term. Where do they expect we plain citizens will cast our votes if all they offer us next November is a choice of two evils—Grant on one side: on the other a party that is the very embodiment of discord and disorganization? If they let the issue narrow itself down to the Republican Strong Man against Democratic anarchy, it will not be hard to know where the quiet-loving voter will probably put his little ballot to do the most good.



They hold to the old conventionalities across the ocean. It is really beautiful to see the way in which the various powers and potentates stand off and gaze at, and admire, as a work of their own creation, that lovely fiction, the Peace of Europe. They appear to be in a chronic state of self-gratulation on the blessings of harmony and calm and content which the heavens are showering down upon them. They don't talk war. To hear them you would think that there wasn't a man in all Europe capable of striking despotism with a feather. Yet in Russia the Nihilists are able to furnish victims as fast as the government can hang them; in France the Jesuit hides beneath his black gown a poisoned dagger for the young republic's heart; in Germany it seems clear that the socialist pigs have not all been stuck by the cruel old hunter, Bismarck; and in sensible, free England, even, the laborer, not being, apparently, held worthy of his hire, is waxing deep and strong in his murmurs. All through the hollow pæan of peace rumbles a martial bass that must some day be dominant. Or, if the reader doesn't mind a slightly variegated style in metaphors, let us say that the light of Peace which is supposed to illumine all Europe is the light of a candle set in the fuse-hole of a bombshell held up by these ghosts of feudalism—these anachronistic tyrants, who must sooner or later spread themselves out as trim-

But there are other forms of warfare, which But there are other forms of warfare, which are equally as objectionable as the personal, political and national variety, we mean the unseemly grab game that takes place among would-be legatees, when the testator has left something worth fighting for. There is no lawyer, it appears, in the Union, who can construct a will that is iron-clad enough to resist the onslaught of claimants who are willing to participate in the division of the property to participate in the division of the property. There is but one remedy for this state of things, and that is for a man not to make a will at all, but to distribute his wealth while alive. Such a plan, though it might make lawyers less happy, would render the families of deceased capitalists ever so much richer in the end. The average will, as it now stands or rather doesn't stand, is as easy to break as the 13-15-14 puzzle is difficult to do.

According to last Thursday's Tribune Washington report, Senator Conkling has never solved the 15 puzzle, and does not seem to understand it. The great New York Senator, powerful and effective as he is as an orator, is not a funny man, and could scarcely be expected to be amused at our last week's puzzle cartoon. He never says or does anything to make one smile, unless a shot-gun happens to be in his vicinity; but Senators David Davis and Blaine, on the principle of "laugh and grow fat," saw Puck's joke, as did the other Senators. We strongly suspect Senator Conkling of having Scotch blood in his veins.

But there are Senators and Senators, and a very choice quality of the article exists in our own Albany Senate. By 20 to 7 they succeeded in defeating the five-cent fare bill on the "L" roads, although the overwhelming majority in the Assembly showed the popular desire for the passage of the measure. The pudding-headed country bumpkin Senators were the principal opponents of the bill. What these yokels can possibly know about the requirements of New York would be worth finding out; but they possibly have learned what are the requirements of the directors of the roads. If a horse-car can haul you to Harlem, at all hours, for five cents, a steam car ought to be able to do it for half the money.

A stray subscription of two still comes in for Puck's Parnell go-home fund. The last was in the shape of a quart bottle of Cruse et Fils Frères St. Julien Claret. The sender calls himself "A Conscience-Smitten Son of the Emerald Isle," and wishes the bottle to be sold for the benefit of the fund. Our subscription-list, as the donor is probably aware, closed a fortnight ago, but the bottle shall be sold as he desires; though there will be mighty little wine in it by the time the junk man comes round to make his purchase.

As compensation for the loss of Mr. Parnell, we are now being favored with a visit from the Salvation Army. Its attack on the strongholds of Satan has so far not been very successful. General Railton and the other members of the Army appear to be, except in the matter of aitches in their right place, well equipped for the campaign. They take up no collections, in which respect they differ very considerably from over-the-sea Mr. Parnell. Although Mayor Cooper refuses to allow the General and staff to preach in the streets, the Army will have another shy at New York sin. On the eleventh page will be found the latest thing in hymns, specially composed by us for the use of the Army. We express our acknowledgements to M. Le-cocq and his literary collaborators for the steal of their "la Fille de Madame Angot" in our composition.

LOWELL IN LONDON.

HE appointment of Mr. James Russell Lowell as Minister to the Court of St. James's has been very well received on this side of the water; but it is only fair to state that it has raised terrible apprehension in the breasts of our English friends. After Lady Mary Pierrepont and Purio Welsh, the Londoners are firmly prepared to find in Mr. Lowell their ideal Hosea Bigelow, and, with that "certain condescension in foreigners" whereof the new Minister once wrote, are preparing to make the strange "Yankee" feel as much at home as possible.

Every allowance is to be made for the idiosyncracies of a real live New Englander; but Albion's aristocracy is modestly doubtful of its

ability to adjust itself to his peculiar tastes.

The Duchess of Westminster has ordered a cord of kindling wood for him to whittle-it may save her furniture—the Duke of Argyle is laying in a large stock of molasses candy, and building new gates on his Highland estates for the coming minister to swing upon; the Queen is decorating her drawing-room with cuspidors, and has ordered John Brown to keep on hand a sufficient supply of fine-cut, and Beaconsfield is practising a little speech of welcome, which begins: "Stranger, guess we're kinder glad tu see yeou in these here diggins," and closes with an invitation to drink hard cider through a

This is indeed kind.

OILYMARGARINE.

HE manufacturers of this charming substitute for butter are, we think, being very scurvily treated by the law, the press, and that portion of the public who have been more or less on tasting terms with real butter.

To be told that their sweet clarified tallow is not as palatable as the fat made from the milk of the cow, to be nominally obliged to brand it oilymargarine, and thus depreciate their own stuff, is indeed very mortifying.

But the concoctors of this precious compound do not propose to give up their elegant business without making some effort to convince doubters of the superiority and beauty of the greasy Am-

brosia to the regular Orange county article.

They say that experiments with it, both upon bread and toast, have been wonderfully success ful; that a nefarious trade in butter-making has been carried on; that clean and wholesome fat is much better than butter; that there is nothing offensive in oilymargarine; that it is a whole some luxury for the poor man; that, regarded from a sanitary point of view, spurious butter is away ahead of the real thing, and that the manufacture of oilymargarine is as yet but in its infancy -in which condition we devoutly hope it may remain.

But we wish it to be distinctly understood that in one shape we have no special objection to oilymargarine in its original form—that is when it exists in its unextracted condition in the live ox or the tender porterhouse steak

When it is extracted we think it decidedly

nasty, and shall not eat it, if we know it.

Oilymargarine may be nice enough for those who like tallow and wish to labor under the delusion that they are eating butter, and it is herein that the trouble consists.

The manufacturers are no doubt very honest and worthy gentlemen; but no sooner are their wares out of their hands than the awkward-ness commences. The small, or often the large, grocer sells this vamped-up grease as butter; the boarding-house keeper, if she doesn't buy it as such, makes her confiding boarders believe it is the genuine article, though some poor victim may venture to try to find out what makes the

butter taste so confoundedly like fat-drippings. If oilymargarine wants to stand on its own merits, let it be colored with harmless dye red, blue, green; the louder the better. Then there would be no danger of people who are prejudiced in favor of good old-fashioned butter eating even the choicest clarified beef or pork-fat under a thin disguise.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

Ya-as, I have weceived severwal let-tahs and telegwams fwom my fwiends in Gweat Bwitain informing me'of the fact that Diswaeli has dissolved Parliament - in short aw, an appeal to

the countwy; and numbahs of fellaws are ta-king the twouble to look aftah their seats for the purpose of being we-elected.

This bweak-up was a twifle unexpected, although the wegulah perwiod for the durwation of the Parliament—which, I believe, is aw seven ye-ahs—had pwetty ne-ahly expired. It appe-ahs there had been a gweat deal of

wowing on the part of the Liberwals, Home Wulahs and Wadicals, because Diswaeli had not got wid of the Parliament befaw; wheahupon the Conservative ministwy spwead the weport that the Parliament was to die a naturwal death. So it certainly was in the nachah of a surpwise when it was noised abwoad that all the membahs were sent to the wight-about.

I don't mean to say that I am surpwised aw nothing surpwises me; but it will not be looked upon as wemarkable if I apparwently take some interwest in what, aftah wall, is an event of some importance.

Two or thrwee of my uncles, or some othah descwiption of welation, are verwy desirwous of inducing me to go back to England to take charge, aw wepwesent one of the pwivate borwoughs which have always been in pwetty fai-ah supply in our family and its collaterwal bwanches.

Aw I don't think I shall stand-too much of a baw. It is twue I should not be put to much twouble, and there wouldn't be the wemotest chance of my being defeated; but then I weally don't want to be undah the necessity of bothahwing my bwain durwing the session, and being wun aftah to wecord my vote faw this or that

But I think I shall wecommend my bwothah Fwed to leave the aw Woyal Navy and carwy

out the wishes of these welations of mine.

Parliamentarwy life will suit Fwed much bettah. The wascal, I fe-ah, is maw enterpwis-

bettah. The wascal, I fe-ah, is maw enterpwis-ing and vigorwous than I.

Besides, fwom anothah point of view, there will pwobably be some interwesting pwoceedings durwing this election.

I am not aware of the pwecise charwactah of my politics—aw I don't know if I have any at But I think violent Wadicals and Liberwals like Bwight and Gladstone ought to be impisoned and pwevented fwom interferwing with the woyal family, the aw Church, the army and navy, the civil service, and with arwisto-cwats. On othah mattahs, I don't know that I should have much objection to their expwessing an opinion which might occasionally be

Aw, ye see, some fellaws who do not belong to verwy wespectable families often have a tolerwable supply of bwains aw.

Puckenings.

A COMET SHARP-Professor Pierce.

WHERE there's a will there's a won't.

LEGAL SHARP PRACTICE—Filing Claims.

HEMLOCK JOINER (politically speaking)-Matt.

PROJECT FOR THE P. O. D.—Cremation of Dead Letters.

FEAR IS A POTENT MEDIATOR-It has been known to frighten Old Enemies into Shaking

THE country editor who sets up his own paper generally ends by making a composition with his creditors.

GEN. JUDSON KILPATRICK is to take the lecture field in New Jersey. Good. Puck never did like Jerseymen.

IN STATU Quo-"The English are at Heratthe Russians are at Merv." And neither appear disposed to Merv on.

To judge from Commissioner Railton's cool manifesto to Mayor Cooper, "Salvation" is not only "free," bur easy.

ENGLISH ADMIRERS of Minister James Russell Lowell will find his "Mason and Slidell: a Yankee Idyl," very pertinent reading in the light of recent events.

THERE were thirty-two cases of Oilymargarine on board the Guion steamer "Montana." In the language of the theatrical profession, they probably jonah'd the cargo.

We know why Mr. Vanderbilt is paying for the importation of the World's obelisk—that is, if he is putting up for it. He wants something in the way of personal property, to pay taxes on.

"RUINED! Ruined! Ruined! My beloved wife, we are helpless beggars!"
"Heavens! what has happened?"

"Uncle Reddimunny has left us all his for-

THE ladipoets of Vassar are very refined about their art-embroidery. When they want a fresh supply of sage-green worsted, they always ask for a Henry—they consider "hank."

> Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosea! Go drink of the Britisher's be-ah, At the Court of St. James's, May you settle our claimses, For many and many a ye-ah

THERE is a baby elephant in Philadelphia, just born, who weighs 214 pounds. But when cruel men from New York held up before that young elephant the record of Davis Davis's earliest infancy, the fledgling wept for shame and refused to be comforted.

THE extraordinary longevity of rich men has often excited comment; yet it is easily explicable on the assumption that they are human, and have some consideration for their families. We know many highly respectable old millionaires who would like nothing better than to die off quietly, if their loss were not too expensive a luxury for the relatives whom they would like to constitute their heirs.

MYTHOLOGY MADE EASY.

THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES.

I.

HE gods were economical in their nomenclature. They never wore clature. They never wore more than one name apiece. Whether Ulysses was his front or rear appellation, is a question for country debating societies to wrestle with. For ourselves, we think it was. The Greeks called him Odysseus, but they were not Spelling Reformers.

At the close of the war against Troy, Ulysses sailed for home richly laden with silver-plate, gold watches and other articles of bric-à-brac which he found lying around loose after the

fall of the city.

And yet he never ran for Governor of Massachusetts!

His voyage home was not devoid of adventure. It was not a plagiarism of any preceding voyage. Ulysses did not complain of a lack of variety and excitement. He encountered enough perils to make an entire library of dime Ten years elapsed before he reached home. He would have arrived there much earlier if he had abandoned his vessel and walked; but the international pedestrian mania had disgusted him with that mode of locomotion. Besides, his vessel was not insured, and it wouldn't pay him to abandon it.

After experiencing many hair-elevating escapes, and losing a number of his men, he arrived in the country of the Cyclops, a race of giant shepherds, who had "a single eye to business." This single eye was located in the middle of their foreheads. The single-barrelled

eye-glass was invented by a Cyclop.

Ulysses and his companions took shelter in a cave inhabited by Mr. Polyphemus, a son of Neptune. It was the only good opening for a young man they saw on the island. Polyphemus was not at home. It is suspected that he was down at the corner-grocery discussing Cæsarism and the various political booms. He returned in the evening with his sheep, and after entering the cave closed up the entrance with an immense boulder, which, according to some boulder liar than the writer hereof, a hundred ordinary men could not lift. Barnum offered Polyphemus a handsome salary to travel with his greatest show, billed as "the strongest man in the world!" The giant refused the offer, saying that he could not disgrace his family.

Upon discovering the intruders, Polyphemus looked as pleased as if he had discovered a fivedollar bill in the pocket of his last summer's vest a garment Mrs. P., by the way, had traded off for fifteen cents' worth of images. Without the formality of an introduction, he dashed two of the Greeks upon the earth, and ate them for his supper—bones, blood and all
—washing them down with a big bowl of milk.

It was a very imprudent act. A shin-bone
might have lodged in his throat with fatal effects. After his ghastly meal he slept soundly. Ulysses and his comrades didn't. Quite the reverse. They supposed that they had inno-Quite the cently wandered into Cowley's Shepherd's Fold. It was a shepherd's fold, but it slightly differed from Cowley's. The milk was not watered. Otherwise the treatment was quite as inhuman.

Next morning two more Greeks furnished

Polyphemus a breakfast, and each of the two succeeding days the one-eyed giant ate two more of the warriors. His appetite was very good. He never looked over the advertising good. He never looked over the advertising columns of the daily papers to find a "sure cure for dyspepsia." History neglects to state that once upon a time an old granger employed Polyphemus during harvest for "one dollar a day and board," and that the giant lost his situation by eating the granger "out of house and home" the first day.

Polyphemus didn't agree with the imprisoned Greeks in their petitions for freedom, but those whom he ate appeared to agree with him. From which it may be inferred that they neither chewed tobacco nor drank cheap whiskey.

On the third day a plan of escape occurred to Ulysses. After the giant had eaten a couple of Greeks and picked his teeth with a sledgestake, Ulysses offered him some rare wine, which he thoughtfully carried with him in case of sickness. Polyphemus, having "sworn off" on New Year's Day, eagerly accepted the sparkling beverage, and asked Ulysses to "set 'em up again." His goblet was repeatedly replenished, and pretty soon Poly. began to look kind o' owley, and the bow of his neck-tie persisted in crawling around under his left ear. "Whaz yer—hic—name?" he asked. Ulysses jokingly replied that his name was "Noman."
"Well—hic — Mr. Noman," hiccoughed the giant, "givus anozzer drink."

After a few more rounds, Polyphemus was so thoroughly inebriated that he commenced to sing "We won't go home till morning," and offered to fight twenty men at one time for the champion-belt and a purse of \$2,000. Finally he rolled under the table and was soon sound asleep, snoring so loudly that the neighbors thought a man on the next block was playing "Little Buttercup" on a trombone.

Ulysses now proceeded to make it pleasant for the giant. He pointed the end of a large pole, heated it red-hot, and, with the assistance of his comrades, jabbed it into the giant's single eye. This treatment proved as effectual as an alarm-clock and a bottle of seltzer-water combined. Polyphemus awoke perfectly sober. Roaring with pain, he shouted for help to his brother Cyclops. They came, and to all their questions who had assaulted and battered him, he simply replied: "Noman." His friends looked pained and turned away, remarking, "He's drunk. If no man has hurt him, what in the dickens is he howling about?" [N. B.— He was howling about fifteen minutes - perhaps

longer.]
Polyphemus, left to himself, groped to the mouth of the cave and sat down in the passage, determined to let no one escape. But Ulysses vas a strategist, and had a massive intellect. He and his companions fastened themselves each under the abdomen of one of the sheep within the cave, and passed out safely. The blind Polyphemus felt the fleece of the animals as they passed him, and never dreamed that he was being fleeced out of his human provisions. Ulysses pulled the wool over his alleged eye, as it were. Sheep were no slouches in regard

to size in those days, by the way.

When safely on his ship once more, Ulysses shouted back to old Poly. in a jeering manner, and told him his name. The giant ground his teeth in rage. "But I must dissemble," he said, and concealing his wrath, he urged Ulysses to return that he might entertain him as royally as if he were a Panama Canal projector. He said he would get up a banquet in his honor, with the bill-of-fare printed in defective French. Ulysses, snuffing a rodent, simply pulled down the lid of his left visual organ, and asked Polyphemus if he observed anything of a verdant hue—which, of course, being blind, he didn't. Then Polyphemus implored his father, Neptune, to punish Ulysses, and Nep., like a dutiful father, obeyed the petition of his son.
Ulysses was punished by being driven hither and thither for ten years before reaching his home.

W.

ONLY in Spring the treacherous fruit is green; Only in winter on our heads the icicle Drops, when quick thaws have warmed the air too keen;

False is the autumn waters' treacherous sheen-Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Bicycle.

CONDENSED HEALTH REPORT. METRICALLY RENDERED FROM THE ORIGINAL HEBREW.

There was an old Jew in Aberdeen Who was garbed in a single thin gaberdine, In the cold synagogue He tossed off cholagogue,* Yet his chills shook him all over Aberdeen.

ALCIBIADES ZERO.

*The kind reader will obligingly remember that the final ue is mute, and then if he will put himself out a little and misplace the emphasis back to the penultimate, he will discover the rhyme.

The following correspondence may be read with in-terest, in connection with the above poem:

PUCK OFFICE, March 15th, 1880.

V. Hugo Dusenbury, Esq. - Dear Sir: Please let us have your professional opinion on inclosed verse, which appears to us an infraction of the poet's license.

ED. PUCK. Yours truly,

HARLEM, March 15th, 1880.

ED. PUCK Dear Sir:

This is to certify that I have carefully examined the poem submitted by you in your letter of this morning, and find it technically correct according to the latest rules of poetic art.
Very truly yours,
V. Hugo Dusenbury, Professional Poet.

P. S.—Why should not the Muse avail her-self of the gigantic strides which Science has taken in this nineteenth century? Anyway, Alcibiades Zero dedicated a poem to me the other day, and he is one of the most reputable men at present in the poetry business.

ED. PUCK, in act. with V. HUGO DUSENBURY. To 1 professional opinion - \$10.00.

HARLEM, March 16th, 1880.

ED. PUCK-Dear Sir:

Please return bill of yesterday, inclosed by error, and send check for corrected statement. Very truly yours

V. Hugo Dusenbury, Professional Poet. ED. PUCK in act. with V. HUGO DUSENBURY. To fee for professional consultation [charged as Opinion by error] - - \$50.00.

OFFICE OF PUCK, March 16th, 1880. V. Hugo Dusenbury, Esq. - Dear Sir: Inclosed please find am't of your corrected in bill of to-day, as audited by our Editorial Dept.

Please return rec't at your earliest convenience. Yours resp'y,
PUBLISHERS PUCK. and oblige,

HARLEM, March 16th. PUBLISHERS OF PUCK-Dear Sirs:

I beg leave to own receipt of \$0.25, amount of bill for professional services, and remain, with thanks,

thanks, Yours truly,
V. Hugo Dusenbury, Professional Poet.

HARLEM, March 16th, 1880.

ED. PUCK--Dear Sir:

I inclose a little study in passionate mediæval misanthropy, which may be suitable for your columns. Very truly yours,

V. Hugo Dusenbury, Professional Poet.

DEFIANCE.

Yea, brim the cup and put it to my lips, Press bitter wormwood in the reeking gall That from the torture-sodden shambles drips; Weave cloth of nettles for my pillow-slips I am heart-sick, and weary of you all.

Yea, none will list me, singing, though my song Is sweet as any in Arcadia; The world doth spit on me, and do me wrong:
The world is bitter and mad and mean and strong, And low and coarse and unappreciative-yah!

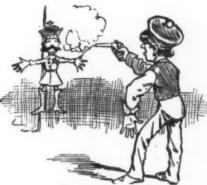
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PHILOSOPHY.



GEOGRAPHY.



LAWS OF PROJECTILE



CHEMISTRY.



DRAWING.



UP FOR EXAMINATION.

CURRENT COMMENTS.

DISSOLVING VIEW-Aspect of Parliament.

WALL STREET INNOVATION — Erecting a Statue to the Man who Couldn't tell a Lie.

THE KEARNEY COON, like Davy Crockett's, comes down without shooting, and roars you as 'twere any nightingale.

The CITY of ELIZABETH, New Jersey, would like to exchange itself for a yellow dog, of peaceful disposition and economical habit.

CAUSE AND EFFECT. The man who "took the floor" in a California political meeting didn't carry it home with him. The shutter wasn't large enough for both.

LE Duc's DESIRE—Public Nuisance Le Duc says what he wants most is opportunity. Let Congress give it him by all means—opportunity for Texas or—beyond.

THE TRULY RURAL PRINT which verdantly insinuates that "Mr. Tilden might step aside," doesn't know the Cipher. Forward, not aside, is the Gramercy Park motto, and well forward in the procession close up to the hearse, in fact.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE The lookers "upon wine when it is red within the cup," and brandy when it is pale within the bottle, will be pained to learn that their old acquaintance, Mr. Johnbgough is not in good health, and may have to give up lecturing the bibulous.

HIDING Too CAREFULLY, PERHAPS—A stalwart *Tribune* correspondent says "the Blaine men of Illinois are hiding their hand." Probably. But the Blaine men of Illinois should see to it that they hide not the useful member beyond recollection of its whereabouts when the time comes for finding it.



Examination Passed.

EDMUNDS'S PREDILECTIONS—The ready Presidential biographer is preparing for the emergency, take whatever shape it may. Already we read of Senator Edmunds that "his chief delight, as a young man, was calling upon the old ladies of his native village." Good enough for Edmunds. Now let us hear from the old ladies on the subject,

HAS ANYBODY a Legal Right to Practice Spooking on the Public? is what Mr. Allan, the steamship man, would like to know; and the cause for inquiry arises from the inaccuracy of the Herald's storm predictions, and the effect they produce, or might produce, on morbidly timid travelers. Evidently the traveling public do not quite understand the Herald as the Herald understands itself.

AGREEABLE OCCUPATION — It is communicated from Nihilburg that the Russian Czar kindly permits two of his attendants of honor (attendants in danger would perhaps better describe them) to taste in advance all the dishes prepared for him, in order to ascertain if they be poisoned. The result is as simple as can be. If the dishes don't kill the testers, why then the Czar gobbles. If otherwise, otherwise also, probably.

UTICA UMOR.

PAT (as he gives his master's order to the drug-gist).—You trate whiskey, nitrate soda.

"O, many a shaft, at random sent, Finds mark the archer little meant;" And many a word at random spoken, Accounts for many a head that's broken.

A CHINESE laundry-man in Utica has written to the New York *Herald*, offering to do washing and ironing for all the Irish sufferers without cost.

> Weave the warp and weave the woof; Factory fingers now alert; Spindles speed and shuttles fly, Weave my love a dollar shirt.

No, Dunshudder, the gem puzzle is no novelty. The poet Pope could "get it" every time. As far back as 1730 he wrote:

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,! I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

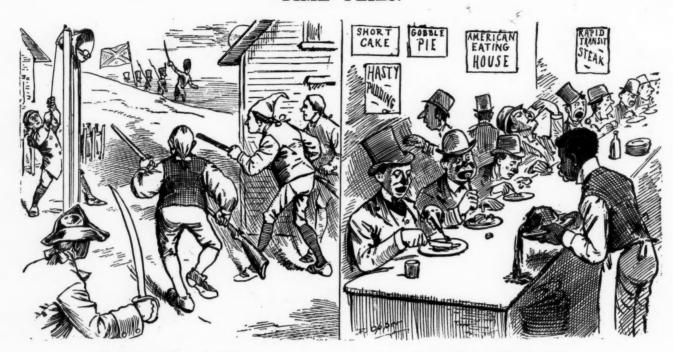
"RICH and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;" But mark the fate of the giddy flirt— She married a man with a dollar shirt.

WHEN Mrs. Hebe's Philadelphia baby-elephant was two days old it weighed 217 pounds. Friday night the cherub had an attack of the colic. Mr. Hebe paced the tent with it for four hours; but it was not until the old man had administered three buckets of soothing-syrup and a barrel of paregoric that the babe became quiet. It is a great pet with visitors, and all who come provided with a derrick are permitted to fondle it.

DE WITT G. RAY.

QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE - Isn't Mr. Longfellow making somewhat too free with a poet of his acquaintance, when he alludes to himself as an old Sebastian?

TIME FLIES.



THE MINUTE MEN OF 1776.

THE MINUTE MEN OF 1880.

THE HON. MR. MUGGINS'S SOCIETY FOR THE

PREVENTION OF MODERATION, Etc., HAS ANOTHER STORMY MEETING.

E had another meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of the Moderation of the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects the other night. It was, in fact, a sort of union-meeting of the two societies; hence the amalgam of the name.

I presided, and made most of the speeches. I had an Indian club for a gavel, and when I rapped to order I made things jingle.

Then I jumped up and began to make my speech:

"Feller citizens!" said I, "this is a glorious old epoch in the annals of jurisprudence. [Cheers.] We stand forth as the champions of injured innocence! [More cheers.] We are the friend of the enterprising flea and the indefatigable mosquito. [Great applause.] We believe also in the moderation of encouragement, free rights, free-

"That's so, begorra!" shouted old Mulligan, who had been busy unloading schooners, and other vessels of war in our Societies' "navy yard," and was more patriotic than usual in consequence.

"We believe in free spache, be jabers, and free whuskey! Sure, what's the use of a free counthry if ye can't have free whuskey. D'ye

moind that now?"

Then Phil. McGoozle gently knocked him into the corner of the room, where he lay quietly, and slept the sleep of innocence.
"Fellow citizens!" I began again.

"Sure," interrupted Tim Branagan, "I move we adjorn to the "navy yard" and take a dhrink!"

"I second that moshen," said Jimmy Fogarty. "All in favor of moshen say I!"

Heavens! what an "eye" that was! Then we all rushed in, moistened our internal revenue department, and rushed out again.

And then once more I essayed to speak, and got as far as "Fellow citizens!" when old Mulligan woke up, and, flinging himself violently upon the scene, shouted:

"I nominate Gineral Grant for President!"

Then McGoozle shouted: "I move we make it unanimous!'

The response to this speech was something rrific. We immediately paid another visit to the "navy yard."

I tried my speech once more, but old Mc-Goozle began to get so drunk he didn't know his manners.

He jumped up on a table and began to shout his speech, while I was trying to make mine.

So I gave it up.
"Why shouldn't the Democrats nominate
Grant?" said Phil. "He's the man of destiny anyway, and there's no use fighting against fate. It's a waste of money to put two candidates in the field when everybody knows that only one can be elected. It costs the Democratic party twenty millions to carry on an electioneering [hic] campaign, an' then they always get licked! What's use getting licked? Why not vote for Grant and be sure to win? No use nominate Til'n [hic]. Ole fraud! can't be 'lected anyway. Who wants to be licked? I rather liquor!"

Another hooray for the "navy yard."
On our return Mulligan and McGoozle got into an argument, and Phil said:

"Mr Mulligan, you are an as—"

"What's that, you old rumscallager? What d'ye sawy? You're a liar!"

"I mean—"

"Och, kennakehokeny, rookstikenworah! twenty millions to carry on an electioneering

"Och, kennakehokeny, rookstikenworah! Sure I know very well what you mane!" and, by way of emphasizing his remark, he knocked Phil down, and then jumped on him and began to dance.

Then we all rushed to Phil's rescue and dragged him out.

Then Phil McGoozle got on his feet and his blood was up. He swung his ponderous fists high in the air, and, with a sudden and unexpected blow, knocked Mulligan about twenty feet to the north-north-east, where he fell on his jib boom, and his friends gathered around him, put him together, and asked Phil

for an explanation.
"Well," said Phil, "the old fool wouldn't let me finish my sentence. I was about to say 'that he was an as-tute observer of men and things,' when he called me a liar, and I couldn't stand that!"

"Sure," said Mulligan, "I was only sayin" that ye were, ah-har-able to be mistakenThen they shook hands and made up, and we all went back to the "navy yard" again, dampened the interior department, and re-

turned to business once more.
"Who is the committee on fleas?" some noodle remarked.

"You mean who are the committee," I suggested.

At this the noodle glared at me, and I knew there was triumph in his mind.
"You're an old liar," said he, "and you

know you are!"

I am not given to restraint under such provo-cation, and before I had used my Indian club with such startling effect that Mr. Noodle lay sprawled out at my feet with a total disregard

At this juncture I pulled my poem on the American Eagle out of my pocket and commenced to read it; but the minds of the insensate rabble seemed bent on mischief, and the result was war.

Things flew. There was a sound of deviltry by night. There was a co-mingling of hair, oaths, torn

coats, crushed hats, and other drapery. Then there was a sound without, as of an approaching army—Tramp—tramp—tramp! "Whist!" said Teddy McGraw, "what's

"Sure," said Mulligan, "'tis but the elevayted horse-car rattlin' o'er the stony streets. On with the dance! Let the festivities prosade!"

Still nearer, clearer, dreadlier than before, advanced that ominous tramp-tramp-tramp.
"Sure," said Brannagan, "I think it's the Mulligan Gyards-

'I hear their feet fall's music'."

Then open swung the portals and in marched

the battalion—of women!
"Our wives!" shouted Phil, and dodged under a table, whence Mrs. G. immediately clutched him forth, and then the ladies gathered our fragments together, gave the order to "fall in!" and marched every mother's son of us to our homes.

The success of our enterprise, so far, is very encouraging.

Yours enthusiastically,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

TRIBUTE TO TALMAGE.

[The following letter, inclosing \$1, was sent to the Rev. T. De W. Talmage by registered mail, on Friday, March 12th.]

OFFICE OF PUCK, New York, March 12th, 1880.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sir-In accordance with your request of last Sunday, we inclose you one dollar (\$1) toward paying off your church debt.

Will you kindly acknowledge receipt of same, and return your blessing, as promised, in both English and German, for our two editions?

Very truly yours,

PUCK.

The reply we have received does equal credit to the cleverness and courtesy of the Great Gospel Gymnast. Here it is:

Brooklye Informat 13. 1880 Meffler & Sohwarzna. Editors of Puch dollar in response to my affect for one dollar from all my friends toward Layment of debt on the church will send det will envely he faid flattering photographs myself. What would I do thank you! No artists lit your own have ever done full justice to my or nose. man spirits of Rafhael Li handt + August hay you live or die haffy!

To be with Talmage

ODE.

THE Coaching-Club's London-made buttons, the cable announces,
Have just come to hand!

And a joy quite unspeakable spreads through the length of the land, And the world on its way through the infinite spaces more proud and more grand,

Exultingly bounces.

FROM THE PSYCHOLOGIC CANDIDATE.

MADISON SQUARE, P. E. 50.

CITIZEN PUCK:

Puzzle making me No. 2 in Presidential Puzzle shows Psychos are still remembered, though the Demons drove them off before on my first "copy"! You were all right; but some caucus wanted the Boom! Citizen G. H. Sanderson (editor *Slar*), when showing me to-day's Puck, was most eulogistic, and wanted me to move on your works! But, after first breakdown, of course I hesitate. Besides, I am not sure of psychologic affinity (outside of your Sanctum?). When in accord, say yes on postal, stating what you want? what style? how much? when? See my "Epigrams" in Star every day for two weeks! (raised circ. 5,000!) and every day from this! See to-day "Marking Iim-Jam' Bennett for Life!" I am incubating now with psychologic force! This requires no reply until you see the shadows on the wall.

GEO, FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE THEATRES.

"The Royal Middy" has been witnessed by large audiences who nightly express much delight, satisfaction and enthusiasm at the man-ner in which it is placed on the stage. The music is exceedingly pretty, the dresses are handsome, the acting and singing are good, and the plot is amusing and interesting. All these qualities, combined with the luxurious elegance of the house, render a visit to Mr. Dalv's Theatre delightful.

Paola-Marié appeared in "le Petit Duc" on Monday last. This evening "la Petite Muette," a new opera, is to be submitted to the verdict of a New York audience. The music is by Gaston Serpette, the libretto by Paul Ferrier. The plot is risky in its ingenuity, and bears a strong resemblance to many others of M. Ferrier's productions. Certainly patrons of Mr. Grau's opera bouffe have no reason to complain of lack

of variety under the present engagement.

Messrs. Wallack and Boucicault are the bright particular stars at the Wallackian temple, and "How She Loves Him" is the play. There is little to entertain in the plot, but the dialogue is bright and witty in spots. The allusions to Homoeopathy ought to gladden the hearts of the regular practitioner, and fill the theatre with doctors night after

night.

"Champagne and Oysters" has succeeded "Chawles" at the Park
THEATRE. It is well known as an amusing farce—a French motif with
an Anglo-German setting.

Miss Annie Pixley, who has some reputation as a vocalist and an
actress, appeared as M'liss, in the play of that name, on Monday last
at the STANDARD.

The last week but one of the opera is announced. Verdi's "la Forza del Destino" was produced last night, obviously too late for Puck to give it the notice it deserves. This evening the last performance of

"Dinorah" takes place.

One of the most important musical events of the season was the performance, last Wednesday and Thursday, by the Oratorio Society, under Dr. Damrosch, of John Sebastian Bach's "Passion Music." It was given in St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square. Not often is it that an opportunity is afforded of hearing this magnificent work, and the cultured audience that assembled to listen to it is an evidence of the deep interest taken by New York in high-class music,

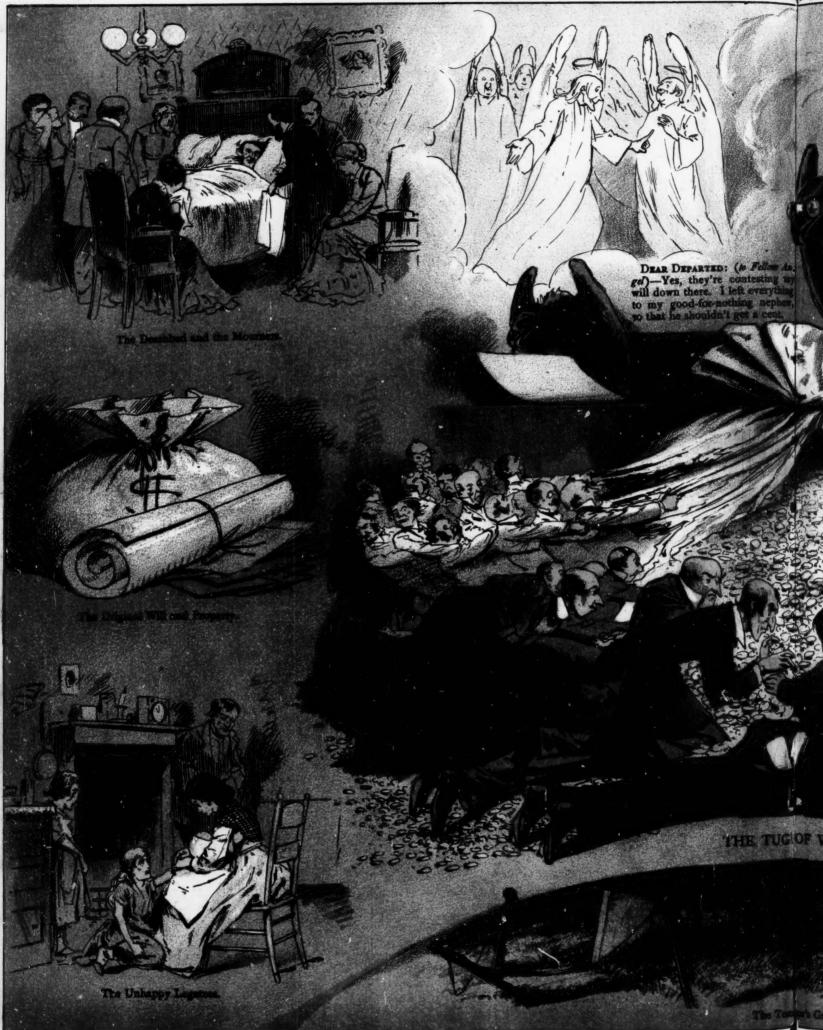
Answers Hon the Anxious.

HASELTINE.-She won't contest the will

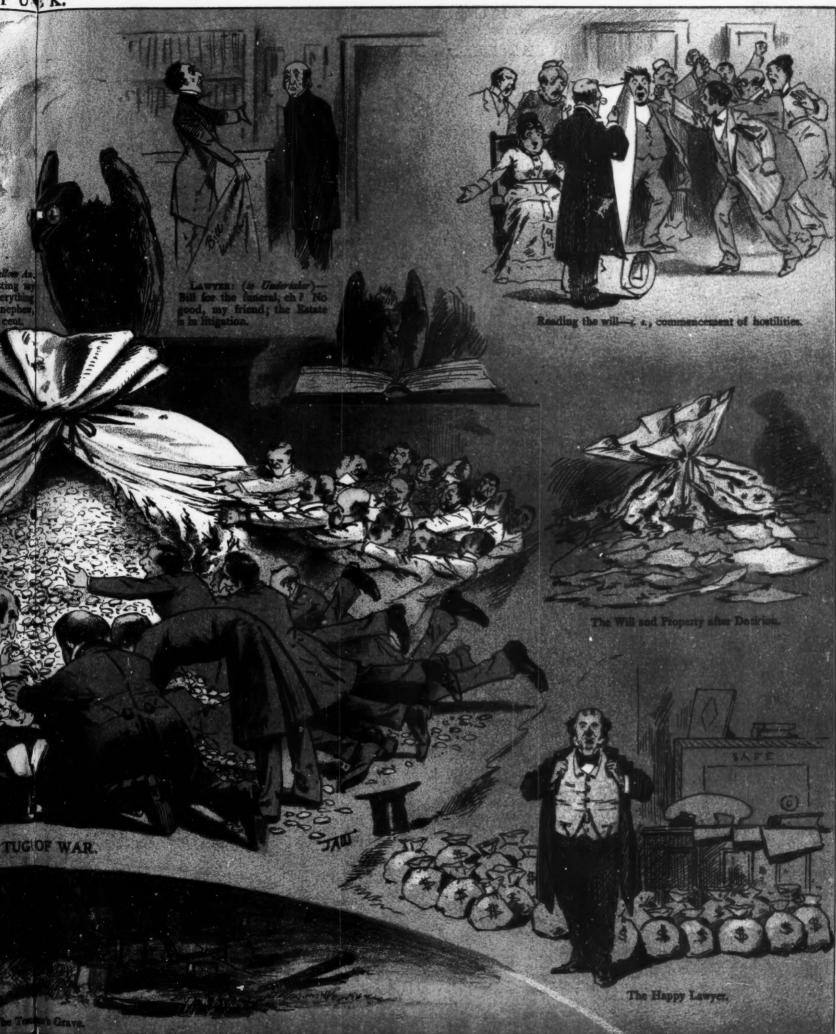
CONSTANT READER, who thinks he can do Conkling's 15 puzzle in our last week's cartoon, may come to the office and try it.

J O. W. John.—Don't be discouraged; but it is our plain and unavoidable duty to tell you that, while you have occasional flashes of funniness, you are not funny enough yet to counterbalance your youth and freshness. Put yourself in soak in the brine of maturity and try again.

Miss L. B.—Bless us! If you knew the poems we are knee-deep in, and the stories we are surrounded with, and the paragraphs we have got to cast an eye over, you would understand that we haven't got to your contribution yet. The pleasure of making its acquaintance is still in reserve for us. When we do reach it, we will let you know what we think of it.



THE SURROGAT



ROGATE'S COURT.

THE BELL BOOM.



Modest, small and sweet I dangle



More ambitious grown, I hang O'er her bang.



At her braid's end doomed to swing— My soft chimes ring.



Huge hymeneal hints I jingle-Still she's single.

BLACKSTONE CURLEY.

VERY man cannot be a lawyer—and every man does not want to. But no one, I apprehend, is so lost to all sense of manly dignity as to aspire to the position of a lawyer's clerk. Beside its base servile routine, a life-sentence in an Australian treadmill is a highly pleasurable and diverting existence. The average lawyer's clerk lives a life of patient self-sacrifice unvexed with care. Denied the ordinary excitements of his chief, and doomed to copy dry legal documents in the seclusion of a dark and gruesome den, without profit in his own or any country, his immolation is unseen, unhonored-and unpaid for.

The lawyer's clerk expects no salary, and he is not disappointed, for he gets none. He works harder than any other mortal, and he receives less compensation for it. His existence is, in one word, a cruel reprisal, on the part of Humanity, towards its most harmless,

a cruel reprisal, on the part of Humanity, towards its most harmless, inoffensive and unhappy member.

But once in a very long while we see a lawyer's clerk who rises above his unhappy station, who, fired with a sudden hot and bounding ambition, dreams of great deeds—and does them, on occasions.

Such a one was Mr. Blackstone Curley.

This unrecognized limb of the Law contrived, on an infinitesimal

wage of thirty cents per calendar month, to aspire to the celebrity of a Coke, a Kent, a Washburn or a Parsons. To say that he was a great jurist "in his mind," would be to make ill-timed sport of one whose aspect was anything but playful. Curley was one of those men whom it is not easy to forget. To say that he was thin would be to dishonor that adjective. He was rather lank and lean, and of spiral construction. The hair of his head was bushy from too long growth, and the features of a snow-man were not sharper. A flowing ready-made coat described his elusive form, and a mammoth law-tome was his inseparable com-

Writs and orders, and an occasional capias, gleamed from his pockets, and references and citations lurked within his cuffs. His expression was thoughtful and placid. Not too placid, perhaps, but just placid enough.

It was the distinctive mark of Curley's character that he held all other lawyers in most sovereign contempt. One day a client of his was sued for \$20. Blackstone Curley defended him with noble forensic eloquence—and the man lost his case! He was cast for \$42 costs, and Curley, broken in pride and dignity, left the court-room.

"What could you expect?" he asked with evident asperity.

"But," said his interrogator, "Brady is a good lawyer and an excellent indee."

cellent judge-"

"Excellent!" said the lawyer's clerk with a sneer. "He is a blank fool! Why, I made the case so clear to him that a child might understand it. I gave him all the points and showed him the law, but the

fool went and decided the other way."

On another occasion, a client of Blackstone Curley's was arrested for stealing a box of matches. This lawyer's clerk prepared a defence of rare dexterity which fairly bristled with precedents. The case came up in one of the petty courts, over which a well-known ward-politician

"Now for the match-box case," said the upright judge, with a chuckle; "and hurry up wid it, for I've got an engagement at 12."

Blackstone Curley rose to his feet, and placing his right hand on the jury-rail, began:

"If your honor please, we have to interpose a plea of an alibi--" "There's no such name on the subpœna. He is committed. Thirty days. Next case."
"But," protested Curley, "we claim—"

"The case is tried," said the judge. "Another word from you and I'll make the sentence a month."

Curley repressed his fiery indignation, but he said afterwards that Judge C— was "a perfect Jeffreys," and that the doings of his court were paralleled only by the tyrannies of Nero.

Though Curley was in the habit of losing every case in which he was engaged, his admiration for his own powers and signal and sover-

was engaged, his admiration for his own powers and signal and sovereign contempt for the abilities of other lawyers was undeviating.

"Evarts," he used to say, "is very much over-rated; a fair speaker,
perhaps, but no lawyer. O'Connor is 'light;' no depth, no stability.
Black does know some law, but his manner is bad and there's nothing
to him. Beach is a special pleader; he has no familiarity with the true
principles of jurisprudence. Hoar is an ignoramus. Groesbeck is a
fool. I wouldn't employ him in a simple dispossess case. Pryor,
O'Gorman, Tracy. Field Fullerton. Train Tuggle a pack of more O'Gorman, Tracy, Field, Fullerton, Train, Tuggle—a pack of mere pretenders."

One day one of his unhappy clients was arrested on a rather trivial charge. The arresting marshall offered to release him on payment of \$5, if he would agree to be present in court next morning.

"This method of procedure is both informal and irregular," said

Curley, consulting a tome, "and I cannot countenance it."

"But," pleaded the client, "I don't want to be locked up."

"Locked up!" said Curley, with ill-concealed contempt. "What is locked up? I'll get you out to-morrow on a writ of habeas corpus,"
"Would it not be better not to be got in?" said the client, with

that sort of inspiration which anxiety very often contributes to the des-

"So be it," sighed Curley; "but don't come to me six months hence asking me to use my influence with the Governor for your pardon!

The amount involved was \$12.

A client of Curley's was owed \$300 on a note. He brought suit and got a verdict for the amount; but the case was appealed. Being mistrustful of his own lawyer, he engaged—in a moment of recklessness -Blackstone Curley to combat the argument for a reversal of the judg-

When Curley saw and examined the papers in the case he gave

when Curiey saw and examined the papers in the case he gave vent to many expressions of disgust.

"Idiot, fool, dolt," he said. "The ignoramus has bungled your case. It is so clear that there should have been no appeal. But out upon such ignorant advocates. They disgrace and dishonor our profession. I will take your case in hand."

He did. The man lost the case on appeal, lost his \$300, and was compelled to pay \$125 costs. "There will be no justice in this country," said Curley sadly, "till our judges are lawyers as well. I blush for the ignorance of the Bench."

I don't know whether Mr. Curley blushes for the all-famous jurist Blackstone, whose name he bears; but I should blush myself to think that he would not do something for a lawyer who, in his time, and be-fore the Curley era, had a very fair reputation at the English-speaking

THE SONG OF SALVATION.

Respectfully Dedicated by Puck to COMMISSIONER RAILTON'S SALVATION ARMY.

[See Cartoon on last page.]

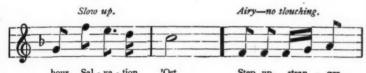














Twink-le, twink gos - pel star!



That's the kind of



Who goes to the the-ay-ter, His pleasure for to take, Will some day be a skater Upon the sulphur lake. Who drinks a glass of be-ah Must burn in endless flame: And that's why we are he-ah, To save you from the same.

Step up, stranger, Out of danger, Twinkle, twinkle, gospel star! Vankee nation. Free salvation, That's the kind of troops we are! We saints are getting lonely In such a wicked place; And we have found the only Undoubted means of grace. Just join our holy seven, And dress up queer and sing: This world will be a heaven, As near as anything.

Step up, stranger, Out of danger, Twinkle, twinkle, gospel star! Vankee nation, Free salvation That's the kind of troops we are!

AN IDYL OF THE RAIL.

HAPELY, and pretty, and rose-tipped,
Dainty and dimpled—complete—
Its delicate fairness contrasting With the rich, russet-brown of the seat.

I gazed, with a dangerous longing
I thought it were bliss to possess That hand in my own for a moment, To fondle, to kiss and caress.

I knew it was mad-idiotic-I tried not to look there again, Not to think of its beauty alluring— Its presence ignore—but in vain.

The tunnel was near and she sleeping,
(The thought nearly drove me insane);
And the voice of the train kept repeating: "Kiss, kiss it!" in maddening strain.

In the darkness and dim I bent over, I pressed my lips lightly—Oh! - well— The hand was a rough one and hairy, The hand of le père de ma belle!

I rushed from my place, on the instant, Swindled and sold—below par— And covered retreat, and my blushes, In the clouds of the smoking-car.

FRANK I. CLARKE.

HERMESIANAX PRATT.

HIS VARIEGATED ADVENTURES IN ALL THE COUNTRIES OF THE GLOBE, INCLUDING SOME UNKNOWN TO JULES VERNE.

EXTRACTED FROM THE ORIGINAL, EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. ROBIDA.

PART FIRST.-OCEANICA.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DEFEAT.

E regret to say that, while festivities were going on inside the citadel, discipline had been to some extent relaxed among the troops outside. The fact is, Hermesianax, meanly de-

the troops outside. The fact is, Hermesianax, meanly desiring [he could be mean on occasion: we shouldn't respect him if he couldn't,] to cut a shine at the expense of a brother officer, had discounted poor old Oo-aa-ow-ee by setting up firewater for the whole army. This deed recoiled upon his head with awful force.* [We do not know what this phrase means, exactly, but we found it in the Waverley Magazine, and we suppose it is all right.]

Quite naturally, there was a well-defined spree going on when the advance forces of the British descended upon the simian army outside the walls of Wujja-Wujja.

The monkeys made very little resistance. Indeed, it

The monkeys made very little resistance. Indeed, it is the historian's agonizing duty to acknowledge that, instead of wallowing in British gore, they exhibited a strong inclination to fraternize with Her Majesty's treaser invited themse is in troops, invited them to join in the orgies, announced that they were all jolly good fellows, and utterly refused to recognize the propriety of going home before morn-

Within fifteen minutes, the British were in the streets

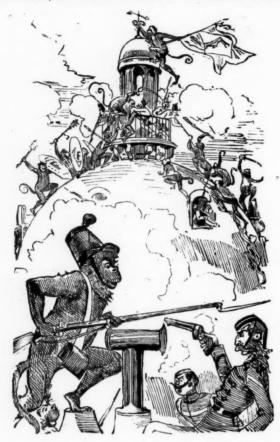
of Wujja-Wujja, in hand-to-hand conflict with the devoted few who still gathered around Herme-

Of course, prodigies of valor were performed; and, of course, Hermesianax performed a large majority of them. But why dwell on such

* Young men, accept this as a warning. It shows the awful effect of superfluous

valor would be a very cheap article; and, as we have before remarked, we are super-calendered.

With more or less rapidity, according to the more or less-ness of their inebriation, the various divisions of Hermesianax's forces were



driven towards the centre of the city, until finally all the fighting was concentrated within the walls of the citadel.

The citadel comprised * the City Hall, the Aquarium, and Wujja-Wujja's big central battery of steam-guns. Down in the basement, fifty feet or so underground, Wujja-Wujja's beauty and éliteness were still locked up in the ball-room. Hither Hermesianax and his staff retreated, after the battery had been silenced and the City Hall taken, resolved to defend to the last the most helpless portion of the population.

Said helpless portion was whiling away the time by screaming and fainting, and going through all the various cheerful phases of feminine fright, which must have made it extremely pleasant

for the brave defenders. Still, they were, comparatively speaking, safe. They were protected above by the vast mass of the Aquarium, over their heads; and they could be reached only by various subterranean passages, which could easily be defended by a few resolute men.

But for the monkeys above-ground, the jig was practically up. At daylight the last of the surviving simians surrendered, and even the dead ones looked as if they had had enough of it.

By breakfast time the English commander was

drinking tea and eating toast in Wujja-Wujja's best hotel, while the subter-

ranean captives were chewing the end of fancy and the few remaining macaroons that yet lurked in among the débris on the refresh-ment tables. Neither fancy nor the mild macaroon is filling, and the revelry of the revelers was remarkably hollow.

Borrowing a stethoscope from a regimental surgeon in the party,

was one of the comprehensive kind of citadels, with all the modern improve-

minor points? A serial story that couldn't afford a few prodigies of Hermesianax attached it to a telescope, and, peeping up through a coal-shoot that communicated with the street, he saw his troops march-



ing, downcast and defeated, through the avenues of Wujja-Wujja, led by a Highland piper, playing a particularly awful burlesque on a tune, while the British General, surrounded by all the Wujja-Wujjian belles who had not been invited to the ball, looked on in nasty, mean, triumph at the sad procession, where conquered valor dragged its slow length along.

CHAPTER XXX.

A DIGRESSION.

Now that we have got Hermesianax and his little party shut up in tne cellar of the citadel, we wish the gentle reader to understand that we haven't the slightest intention of getting them out before next week. They are there, and they can't help themselves and have got to stay there while we make a digression.

The only thing about this digression is that we don't ask to be pardoned for making it. It is laid out in the interest of the highest ethics, just to show how beautiful a thing is poetic justice, and how

much of it there is lying around loose.

The Rajah of Borneo had betrayed Wujja-Wujja into the hands of the British. It was a dastardly act—anyone could see that on the face of it—but it was even worse than dastardly: it was injudicious. It is an expensive business to have anything to do, in a diplomatic way, with the great English nation.

The British government made the disturbance at Wujja-Wujja a pretext for a grand Peace Congress. The Rajah of Borneo was invited to take a hand in the discussion. The balance of power being in the hands of England and her colonies, it was agreed upon that a general revision of all Polynesian boundary-lines was absolutely necessary.*

So they arranged, in a friendly way, the boundary-line of the Rajah's dominions, hitched it a degree over the British side of the territory, and very generously settled an Embassy in the Rajah's palace, and asked him how he felt, and assured him that Her Majesty's government entertained only the most friendly sentiments toward him, and

would he kindly hurry up the indemnity.

The Rajah swore inwardly, and made awful faces, and decapitated his wives right along until the British Ambassador presented a memo-

randum from the home government suggesting that the domestic reforms agreed upon at the Congress should be at once carried out.

Thereupon the Rajah kept quiet until the British troops in his neighborhood were transferred to Afghanistan or Zululand, when he promptly brought out his own patent private filing-machine, and filed

the British Ambassador, for future reference.

The London Times denounced this as an outrage against civilization,

and the British government ship-ped more troops to the Rajah's dominions, and killed the Rajah, re-adjusted the boundary-line once again, a little further over on the Rajah's claim, and hanged no end of local niggers; and the Earl of Beaconsfield said the Liberal protest was distinctively and determinately un - British, and that the stability of the balance of power was a consideration that involved the tranquility of Her Majesty's dominions, which were never in a condition that less justified the superficial pronunciamentos of meretricious alarmists, and vot are you going to do about it, anyway, my dearsh, y' know?

[To be continued.]



THEY say that the growing number of old bachelors consists of men who have not soul enough to love a woman truly. There are lots of married men, however, who would show up small on a soul test. No class legislation, if you please.—Rochester Express.

^{*}On motion of the Rajah of Borneo, the vote on this question was not made unani-

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Puck's Berchanges.

New Jersey wants a Zological Garden. She now has four cranberry bushes and a lot of camel-back mosquitos to begin with. - Wheeling Leader.

THE Milwaukee boot-blacks have an organ now. At any rate, we observe that a Polish newspaper has been started there. - Cincinnati Saturday Night.

WHEN a girl is 20 she feels very easy on that score. It's only when she scores another that she begins to wonder who invented wrinkles, Detroit Free Press.

THE New York Sun has a five-column obituary of David Davis. We speak advisedly. Any man who gets that amount in the Sun is dead, politically. - New Haven Register.

They talk about the weakness of our army, and the impossibility of putting one in the field at a short notice; but let the Government issue a call for 400,000 major-generals, and we'll bet they will get 'em in two days. - Washington Capital.

An article upon the human figure says that "the proportion of the figure are six times the length of the feet." Coming generations, when they shall excavate a Chicago young lady's shoe, will remark incontinently, "there were giants in those days," and mentally reconstruct a race of women ten feet tall.—Boston Tran-

MESSRS. O'CONNOR & SHEEHY, undertakers and contractors for burying the indigent dead, are accused of having systematically interred paupers in coffins unvarnished, unlined with muslin, and unpillowed. This is really too bad. The public, it is true, doesn't care much whether these poor devils of paupers have any creature comforts in this life, but to send them into the next without varnish, muslin and a pillow is an outrage on the feelings of a humane community.—San Francisco News-Letter.

Puck's fund to relieve the country of Mr. Parnell has reached the handsome sum of \$32.42½, and Mr. Parnell sails to-day. The power of an unshackled press was never more strikingly illustrated. But what has become of the piece of pie with which Mr. Parnell was to be provided as an ephemeral souvenir of his visit to America? Does Puck mean to allow Mr. Parnell to face the dangers of the briny deep without the life-saving provision of American pie that most advanced and truly æsthetic (not to say dyspeptic) product of our free and untrammeled civilization? - Phila. Kronikle-Herald.

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THE Czar has had his dining-room repaired and furnished in magnificent style, but when the old man feels hungry he sneaks down to the cellar pantry, stuffs his pockets, and then skins up upon the roof and eats it.—Philadelphia Kronikle-Herald.

It is not surprising, when we come to think of it, that America is sending hundreds of thousands of dellars to Ireland. During the past five years, servant-girls and hotel waiters in this country have fallen heir to millions of dollars by the death of rich uncles in Ireland, and there's no more money left in the old country. Norristown Herald.

RICHARD'S "Snacks."—A trustworthy foreign correspondent remarks that Richard during working hours, pauses now and then to take a "hurried snack"—which is a new name for it, though somewhat less elegant, per-haps, than the old established "snifter." But these composers are careless of the amenities of life.—Puck. We regret to be compelled to differ from our esteemed and humorous contemporary touching its definition of the word "snack." There is a difference, as our E. and "snack." There is a difference, as our E. and H. C. is well aware, between a shut and a slam; and it is also doubtless acquainted with the slight unpleasantness existing between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Now a "snack" is not a "snifter" any more than a snorter is a breeze. "Snack," in the ancient Saxon, signified a bite, a chunk of something—pie, perhaps—a gastronomic notion, a free and unfettered lunch, while a snifter denoted a smell, a head clearer, a baby horse, a kitten of coffee, an opener of the eyelids, a-See White, R. G., works.-N. Y. Com. Adv.

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GILMORE has changed the last two lines of s "Columbia." They now read: "In awe and reverence we waits, for Thee to save the United States."—Oil City Derrick.

Science is advancing every day. A German professor has discovered that a cat can be made to have the whooping-cough. General satisfaction will be felt at this discovery.--Bos-

PEOPLE who are inquisitive as to the contents of the centre of the earth, might have their curiosity gratified by driving over some of the cross-streets of the Island. Their depth would discourage a plumb-bob. — Wheeling Leader

WHEN a New Yorker has his house burgled, he goes down to the detective headquarters and asks them if they've got any clues in stock that will fit his case, and if they have, they send a man around to hitch 'em on.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Most Texas towns have only one physician, and when he hears that anyone is terribly sick, he goes and gets howling drunk and kicks over stoves and breaks up furniture and gets run in by the police. He knows the sick man's friends will pay his fine and get him out .- Boston Post.

It has been discovered that the story that Tilden was going to be married was started from the following cipher dispatch which was found on the floor of the office of a Pennsylvania lawyer:

"Tell Sarah O K-6,000 mules - love's young dream-St. Valentine-Preacher \$-Europe one year—Baby mine—broad guage double track—alacabumbletop—usufruct. - S.

It does not seem to us as though there was any doubt but that he offered to marry her.-Peck's Sun.

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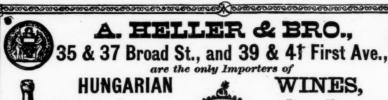
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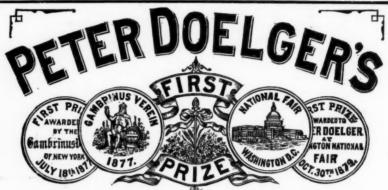
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WHEN a Washington or New York politician asks another man to take a drink, he parenthetically says: "This is not a State dinner." ically says: "
N. Y. Herald.

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"HAVE you read 'l'Assommoir' in the original?" is a question just now very frequently asked by the members of the Van Ness Avenue French Club, to which you probably reply:

"No, Miss—;" whereupon she says:
"What a pity. You have no idea how won-

"What a pity. You have no idea now wonderfully it loses in translation."

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"Oh, yes. I always prefer my Zola in the original packages, don't you?" When the member of the V. N. A C. will infallibly and heartly reply: hastily reply:

"Well, no; the fact is, my French is growing decidedly rusty."

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